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LOS ANGELES

The Man Who Lied on Arkansas
and
What Got Him

BY

The Editor
OF THE
Arkansas Sketch Book

With Fifty Illustrations

Mostly by The Liar.

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The Sketch Book Publishing Co., Little Rock, Ark.

SECOND EDITION

UNIV. OF CALIFORNIA

IN ARKANSAS

Said Chollie to the Farmer Man
Way down in Arkansas,
"A scientific way I'll show
To milk youh bloomin' caw!"

Said the Farmer Man to Chollie,
"You will? Haw, haw! Haw! Haw!
Yeur way beats eny way. By Gosh,
I've saw in Arkansas."

ANNOTATE TO WIN!

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DEFINITIONS.

A LIAR—One who lies.

ARKANSAS—A State. The open door of opportunity.

THE MAN WHO LIED ON ARKANSAS. "E Pluribus Unum."

The Monumental Kind.

NOV 25 '42

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

The Liar Man.

A well-groomed individual with an automatic tongue who visited Arkansas when he had fizzled out everywhere else. Here he wrote lies about a great State and a good people which netted him a fortune. He took up with Arkansas people, received every courtesy at their hand, and for their kindness made them appear ridiculous. But at last he was run down by Retribution and passed on to a community where his apples were always served baked and his hot water baths were free.

The Arkansas Girl.

A charming daughter of the New South who came desperately near falling in love with the Liar Man because of his worldly polish, his unselfish devotion to an aged mother, his preference for the Baptist Church, his enthusiastic love of Arkansas, and his utter and uncompromising hatred of anything like a lie.

Jack.

A big-hearted, broad-shouldered, well-educated Son of Arkansas who had "horse sense," had never spent any time with affinities, had never smoked cigarettes with chorus girls on the Bowery, had never rented a dress suit, dodged his tailor, or jumped a board bill. He loved the Girl

The Fury.

A superannuated Affinity of the Liar Man's. He had forcibly detached himself from the tenacity of her affections some ten years before, but these same deserted affections refused to die, and rigged in full war paint, and none the more sweet-tempered because of her years of disappointing search, she was still on his track, though he knew it not.

DEDICATION

TO the cheerful ones who have at some time exaggerated, prevaricated or falsified, this story is respectfully dedicated, with the hope that each will buy one copy, in which event its success is assured.

FOREWORD.

Not Written by The Liar.

On a time long, long before the primitive ancestors of the Ananias kind had outgrown their monkey habits, the Master Workman of the Universe made a planet, which he ribbed with rock, skirted with clouds, and hung in the firmament to be fashioned by the forces of Nature into a fit habitation for that princely animal, Mankind.

When Time had done its work, the Universal Workman supplied the new-made planet with resources for the development of its future inhabitants. Soil and sunshine, silver and gold, iron and zinc, forests and coal, precious stones and healing waters, were supplied and to every section gave He some treasure, to none gave He all.

When He had finished He found He had some treasure left from every clime and section. There was coal, millions of tons; there was tall timber, millions of feet; there was the richest black soil yet spread in any fertile valley; there was fruit land and prairie land; there was marble and zinc and lead; a mountain of ceramic clay; there were pearls enough to fill a river, an extinct volcano crater full of diamonds, and the most wonderful hot springs in all the earth.

"What shall I do with it" the Master Workman said. "If I put it all in one place the Human Animal will desert every other spot on earth and fight for it."

When He had thought, He reached out His hand of power and tipping back the lowlying water from a yet inundated section, He rent the new-made earth with mighty mountains and here he moved His collection of treasures.

The black soil made river bottoms, the fruit soil made uplands, the zinc was hid in the pockets of the mountains; the tall timbers were sowed thick as grass and under the new domain was hid strata on strata of coal. Pearls were scattered in the river bed and in the farthest corner behind the roughest rocks was hid the store of diamonds.

When He had finished His crowning work the Master Workman locked the treasure in Nature's bosom and left it until future generations should learn to use the key of Progress.

When the White Man came, he found the Red Man of the Arkansas Tribe in possession of this unknown store of treasure, and so he called his new discovery Arkansas.

PORTRAITS OF THE LEADING MAN

When he landed in town,
He looked real good,
And received such treatment
As honest men should.

When he got a check
For his first big lie,
The man was so tickled
He feared he would die

When he met the
Arkansas Girl so sweet,
He reduced this grin
To something neat.

When the Arkansas Maiden
Said plainly "No!"
The Liar Man looked
Like the "tail of woe."

But when she arrived he had dodged for years
And fell on his neck with a clinging kiss,
The man who had told a thousand lies
Wished he were dead and looked like—

This.

"Jack"

THE LIAR ARRIVES.

Some men lie to be funny
Some lie to keep out of jail;
Some men lie to make money,
And hereon hangeth this tale.

It was in his system, but hadn't begun to work out yet when he set foot on Arkansas soil; and, having the appearance of an honest hustler, the Liar Man did not find it hard to get acquainted with respectable people.

In due course of time he received invitations to dine with business men, and later was honored with a few invitations to visit at some of their homes.

The hospitality of the Southern home had gone as far as the history of its existence. The Liar Man had heard of it, and accepted his first invitation with pleasure.

The home in this case was of magnificent Colonial style, bearing out the stately elegance of the Old South, with every modern elegance and comfort.

The Liar Man had on numerous occasions enjoyed splendid homes from the "outside in." The reason he wasn't in was because the occupants didn't like his style.

Now that he had an opportunity of enjoying the best from the "inside out," he was delighted, and began to coach himself on the gentle art of "making out like he vas ust to it."

He found this home a dream of artistic

beauty and an ideal of comfort, but its attractions were immediately relegated to the rear when he met the daughter of the house.

The Girl was a typical daughter of the South. She was royally independent and charmingly dependant; she was vivacious or serious as occasion demanded; and, withal, she was wom-

A "Little Rocker."

anly and beautiful, and as loyal to her native State as was her best friend "Jack" to her.

When the Liar Man was presented as a stranger who was much interested in Arkansas and its development, the Girl at once showed her friendly interest by inviting him to her "Arkansas Room."

"This is our 'show room for strangers,," she explained. "So many visitors come to our home who have wrong ideas about the wonderful resources of our State and the talent of our people that we have arranged this as a little educational proposition. Everything in it, from the marble mantel and the pretty tiling to the hand-carved oak table, is home made. Then there is a shelf of books by Arkansas writers—poetry, fiction, history, essays and text-books. One of our writers, a well-known member of the Society of Arts of London and the National Art Club of New York, is author of an art classic; one of our historians has a national reputation, and Arkansas has furnished Masonry of the world its poet laureate. And our artists? Oh, yes, we have them, and it has been left for one of the best in both New York and Paris to be from Arkansas. And music—listen!" and she seated herself at a piano, ran her fingers over the keys, and sang that popular little song, "Honey, Make My Dream Come True."

As the Girl sang the Liar Man felt a great big sentimental feeling creeping over him. It was not a shaft from Cupid's dart. Cupid had long ago passed him up as a bad case. But it was a substitute that made him wish he could be singing the song to her with the assurance that she would not deny its brave request.

"How is that for Arkansas?" the Girl said, laughing, and when she told him she had lots more nice songs by Arkansas composers and he looked dreadfully lonesome and longingly at

Dogs Grow to Such Gigantic Size It Takes Dynamite to Move Them.

her, and hungry to hear them, she invited him to spend an evening with "Arkansas musicians," and he said he would.

After the Girl had told the Liar Man about some of the best private libraries in the city and had given him the information he desired of some of its most important social and study organizations, they sat down to get better acquainted, and before dinner was announced the Girl had been informed in a delicate and charming manner by the Liar Man that the reason he had thus far pursued the lonely path of the bachelor boy was because of his great and powerful devotion to an aged and infirm mother.

This self-sacrifice appealed to the Girl, and when he followed it up by mentioning incidentally that he was brought up in the Baptist faith she felt that she could trust him implicitly. This move into the Baptist faith was a happy thought of the Liar Man, who took his tip from the sight of a well-read Baptist paper on the library table. And when the Liar Man waxed eloquent in his praise of Arkansas and her people, and paid a tribute to Arkansas women beside which the most flowery speech he had ever made a chorus girl turned pale, the Arkansas Girl was delighted with her new acquaintance, and wished Jack had traveled as much and could say as nice things as the Liar Man.

Then came dinner at a table shining with silver and cut-glass, correct in its appointments and most delightful in informal hospitality. The perfume of choice flowers filled the air, and

once more outside the Colonial mansion, he looked back, rubbed his eyes and wondered, like in the adjoining conservatory the song of birds made sweet music.

When it was all over, and the Liar Man stood

They're Great on Having a Head for Things in Arkansas.

Aladdin, if it were true, and then smiled at thought of the Girl. She was as far superior to any type of woman he had even known as she was different, and he determined to cultivate her friendship.

Meantime Jack, blissfully ignorant of the inroads made in her estimation of him by the Liar Man, enjoyed his pipe-dream of the time when the Girl would leave the Colonial mansion for a little rose-grown home he was saving money to buy.

THE "ARKANSAS TRAVELER."

The next morning after his dinner at the Colonial mansion the Liar Man started on a journey out into the country after something—nobody knew what.

As he traveled he became so lost in happy reflections of his meeting with the Girl that he lost his way, and after wandering around in the sticks for a few hours he came in sight of a humble home occupied by an aged couple of poor country folk.

The Liar Man reined his horse, asked a few questions, and finding that he was far from home, accepted an invitation to "light, take a bite and rest."

The back-country man had no cut-glass and would not have known an olive from a cocktail. His wife's bare shoulders had never glistened above a Paris gown; they were not of the glistening kind. He had no conservatory with orchids. He had no orchestra playing heavenly music behind a screen of palms. But the Liar Man was not so accustomed to these things that he couldn't get along one night without them, so he accepted the invitation to stop until morning.

His hostess proved to be a motherly old lady, who welcomed him cordially and immediately set about preparing him food. When it was ready it was not served in courses, with mono-

Faculty Meeting at the University of Arkansas.

gram napkins and Bohemian finger-bowls, and she did not sit opposite him and shake scintillations from diamond ear-bobs into his dazzled eyes. He sat down to a meal of hot corn cakes, a pitcher of buttermilk, a slice of juicy ham, and some fresh butter and honey; and while he ate, his hostess, who was fat and wobbled like a bowl of jelly, stayed near to give him fresh cakes and pour his milk; and if her hospitality was not as glittering, it was as genuine as that of the day before.

When it came time to retire the "stranger" was shown to a low room overhead, where a

arrying an appropriation

Regular order called for

The gentleman has the floor

Suspension of rules

The bill has passed

Demanding recognition.

Submitted for amendment

Suggested by a Visit to the Arkansas Legislature.

freckled boy with stubby hair already occupied the bed. The "stranger" crawled in and slept the sleep of the just, for as yet he had not lied on Arkansas.

In the morning, when he awoke, the freckled boy had disappeared, having stolen away quietly lest he should awaken the "stranger."

He glanced about and noticed a turkey-tail fan hanging over the bed. He remembered this afterward, and it proved to be worth money to him made into a hen in a story.

After a good breakfast the freckled boy brought his horse and he was directed on his way.

Because his host had never read "Chesterfield's Letters to His Son," nor his hostess attended a finishing school at Washington some little extras were omitted in his entertainment, such as pump-handle handshaking and insincere flattery, but the aged country couple had shown their kindly feeling for the "stranger," and that was more than he did for them, for out of this visit grew the famous "Arkansas Traveler" story.

In this story he described his first meal in Arkansas as consisting of generous chunks of female swine bosom—only he called it by another name, and further described it as being decorated with "buttons;" the milk, thick with flecks of yellow butter, had turned into lye, which he drank because it was called coffee, and which skinned his throat; the flakey bread was "dodger" that he wished he had dodged, and the honey and butter was stewed pumpkin

sweetened with sorghum. The turkey-tail fan had evoluted into a sick hen which roosted on the head of the bed, face to the wall; the boy had multiplied many times, and slept "seven-

Business Men From All Sections Attend Conventions in Little Rock.

teen in a bed in Arkansas;" the fat and motherly hostess was pictured as a cadaverous hag with one tooth, who scraped potatoes with her toenails, and simplified housework by letting the dogs lick the frying-pan. The honest old host

had retrograded back toward the human animal of the stone age, wild eyed and with cuckleburrs in his whiskers, which extended all over his body. He wore wide-top boots; the leg of one filled with bottled "bug juice," the other loaded with bowie knives.

The rosebush by the doorway had changed under the magic of his pen into the hide of some impossible animal which was nailed to the side of the house, and the song of the mocking bird was turned into the bedlam of a thousand frogs that "barked like hounds" in a nearby swamp.

The Liar Man had eaten reprehensible diet on the Bowery, where the mingled smell of slop, sour beer, spoiled cabbage, moldy dishwater and unwashed immigrants would have driven a native Arkansan to despair. He had heard all sorts of sounds and seen all sorts of sights, but it had never occurred to his mind to write them up and deliver them to the world as *prima facie* evidence of New York's uncivilized and barbaric condition.

But Arkansas was different from New York. He could afford to write about Arkansas, provided he didn't sign his own name. So he wrote, sent the "Arkansas Traveler" away, and in return received a check.

Meantime he had called on the Girl and delighted her with a lovely story of the gracious hospitality of the old country couple, of their humble home made charming even in its poverty by trailing roses and the songs of mocking birds, and he drew a fine picture of an old

springhouse which had never existed, and told her how delicious the milk tasted that had been cooled in its bubbling fountain. And to cap the climax of this interesting report he brought the Girl a toast which he had made over from a book of poems, and told her he had written it himself.

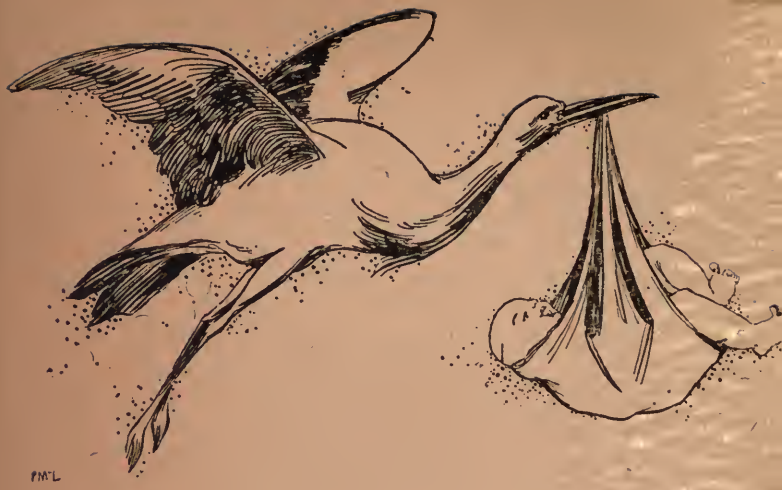
TO ARKANSAS.

Where was it Nature's lavish hand
Prepared the best and happiest land?
In that great State so good and grand—
In Arkansas.

Where are men brave to do and dare?
Where are the women fond and fair?
Where peace and plenty?—Take me there—
To Arkansas.

The Girl was delighted with this toast, and she felt a growing admiration for the Liar Man which boded ill for Jack's peace of mind when he should discover it.

Brilliant Member of the Arkansas Bar.



Infant Industries Flourish.

THE ARKANSAS LEGISLATURE.

The Liar Man's first article came out in a funny paper under the alluring caption, "Podunk in Arkansas," in which Podunk was represented as a traveler bent on securing an unbiased account of the manners and customs of an unknown people.

The success of this first story and the cheering proportions of the check it brought spurred him on to more daring deeds of valor in the literary world, if literature deserves to be thus scandalized, and in looking about for something else to describe he strolled into the Arkansas Legislature.

Here he found a body composed of lawyers, teachers, farmers, business men and a few politicians, known by their patent-leather shoes and their eminently pious and peaceful countenances. The lawyers and teachers and business men looked about as average men do; the farmers were not wearing patent-leather; they had too much regard for the comfort of their feet, and their tastes also ran to low collars worn loose. One fat old patriarch from Buckhorn Township had discarded his altogether, and considered it nobody's business if he chose to leave his short neck free to work in its socket rather than to be hampered on every side by stiff linen, "which was powerful expensive" when it came to washing.

The unconventional old brother meant no disrespect to his patent-leather colleagues. and had more sense in a minute than some of the men who sympathized with his lack of aesthetic taste, but he proved to be the very hint needful to the Liar Man, who was spoiling to write another funny story descriptive of Arkansas from the viewpoint of Podunk.

The Legislator-Elect Reads Law.

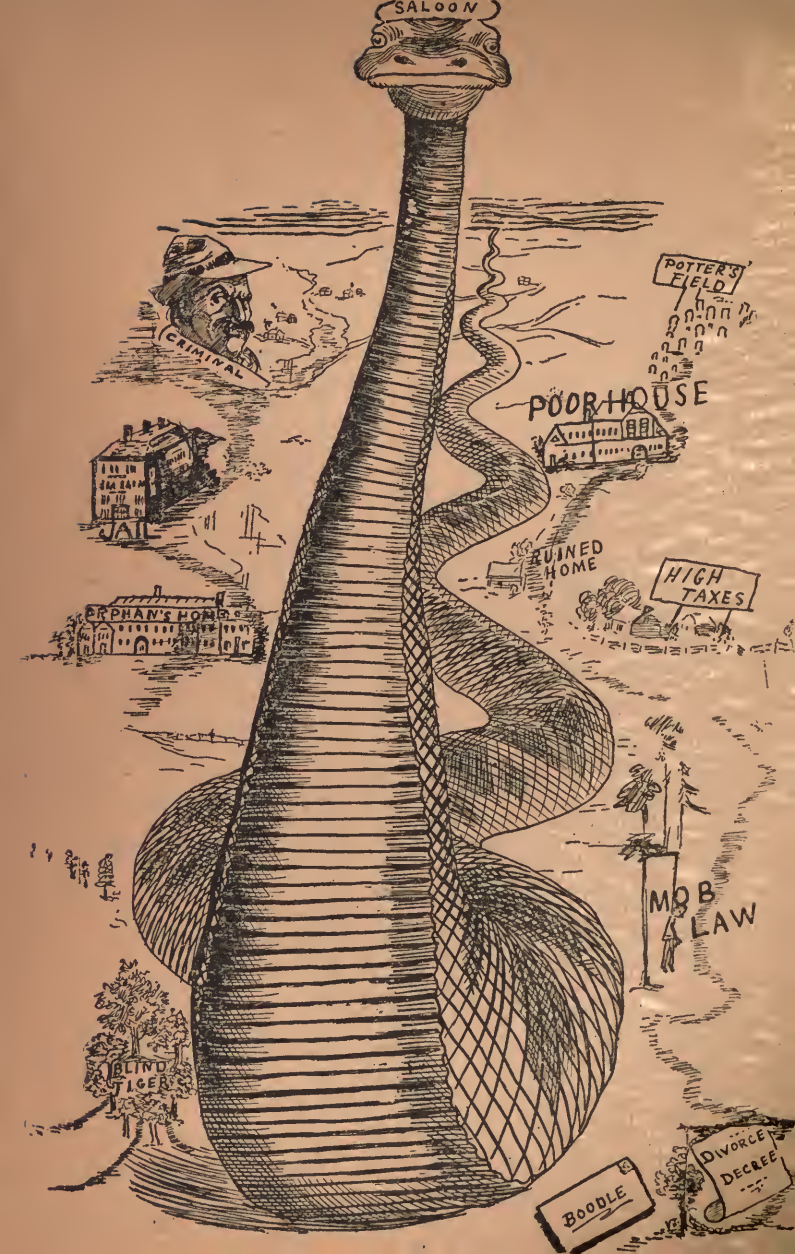
He had watched the course of legislation and had seen it crystallizing into such laws as the initiative and referendum, uniform text-books, State sanitarium for tuberculosis, game laws, appropriations for benevolent and educational institutions, and he had witnessed the gamest fight he had ever seen in a legislature over the question of state-wide prohibition. In short, he found such legislation as a moral and peaceable commonwealth finds necessary in a day of advanced civilization.

It was not of good laws, but of lawmakers, the Liar Man proposed to write, and when he

saw the Buckhorn member appear without a collar, his inspiration was complete, and he wrote what he mentally dubbed a "cracker-jack" about the Hay Seed and Hill Billie as Lawmakers.

In this story he pictured an election time in the rural districts of Arkansas, and described the animation that took place at the hill billie's home when it became certain he was to go to the great city of Little Rock to help make laws. His wife caught him immediately, curried his whiskers, and began to cut his hair. This job took all day, and the top of one ear was cut off in trying to get hold of the heavy growth that hid it. After the haircutting his good wife made him a new pair of pants, and the neighbors, proud to be of service, contributed a sum sufficient to purchase a black oilcloth valise. Meantime, the newly-elected lawmaker got an almanac and a blue-back speller, and stole away to educate himself so that he might be able to protect the interests of his people against the machinations of the "high-collared roosters" that would tax him and "his'n" until he would not have enough left to buy "cut-plug." On the fateful day of his departure the whole family drove twenty miles in an oxcart and for the first time saw a "choo-choo" train, which scared the three youngest children into fits and made the lawmaker himself nervous.

Immediately upon reaching the city the legislator set out to search for a wagon-yard, and was delighted on finding it to meet several fellow lawmakers. After getting a ten-cent lunch


SALOON
CRIMINAL
POTTER'S FIELD
POOR HOUSE
JAIL
RUINED HOME
HIGH TAXES
ORPHAN'S HOME
MOB LAW
BLIND TIGER
DIVORCE DECREE
BOODLE

they took hold of hands so nothing could steal them and set out to see the town. In their travels they met a Senator. At first he did not have their confidence, his store-bought clothing darkly hinting that he might be a boodler. But he produced credentials, and with him they took their first taste of city high life by riding on electric cars.

They all enjoyed it but the Senator, whose watch gave him trouble. Every time the conductor rung up a fare the Senator set his watch five minutes ahead, by the register, and by the time he had gone around twice and the register marked twenty-seven, he called the conductor and inquired what kind of a "blamed clock" he was running his car by.

After the ride the party went sightseeing on Main street, and paused before a display window showing gents' hose.

"By gum! Does everybody wear them things?" the First Man asked.

"By hen! They must," said the Second.

"By heck! Men's getting to be just like wimmen, hain't they?" said the Third.

"By golly!" exclaimed the Fourth, with his eyes set on a pair of purple beauties with red lines on them, "them's the prettiest I ever seen. I've a mind to try a set when I draw pay, I be durned if I hevn't." And when he learned that the Senator wore sox, he said he might get "two set."

After lunching on a hamburger, they turned their faces toward the wagon-yard, but were induced by the Senator to move to a four-dollar

boarding house as a residence more fitting the dignity of their positions in life.

Here they said their prayers and crawled in, leaving the last man to put out the light. He

Arkansas Female Suffragist

blew hard, and when his lung power was all but exhausted a fellow from under the cover called, "Put out that there light!"

"I can't. The blame thing's in a bottle."

"Blow in good and hard."

"I can't git the stopper out."

And then they all crawled out and examined the stopper, and finally retired, leaving it to burn.

This was a specimen of what the Liar Man wrote. The supposed-to-be-funny jokes were as old as the hills, but it didn't matter. Few of those who read it would ever visit the Arkansas Legislature; and, after giving out the information that booze and prosperity meant the same to the Arkansas Legislature, and putting on all sorts of finishing touches, he went out to an XV. dinner at the home of the Girl. Here he met a brilliant party composed of business and professional men, among them being two Senators and a couple of Representatives. Their broadcloth was cut in correct lines, their table manners made him have hard work in acting "like he vas ust to it," and he couldn't keep up with the conversation, for it took in national and international topics with which he was sadly unfamiliar.

But he enjoyed the oysters and fish and salad, and hoped to see the Girl a few minutes before he went home.

His wish was granted, and the compliments he paid the lawmaking body of Arkansas and its members would have made a small book. The Girl appreciated this. Meantime, the best batch of lies he had yet written was on its way abroad to add further to the fame of Podunk.

Arkansas Traveler's Grand Home-Coming at Pine Bluff.

JACK MAKES CHARGES.

The Country Club at Little Rock, with a membership of one hundred of the representative citizens of the Capital City, offered a fine opportunity for the Liar Man to get acquainted with many he had not as yet met, and after a time the long-hoped-for invitation came, and he was a guest of the club. After a delightful ride on the famous Pulaski Heights electric line, popular on account of its splendid scenery and fine service, and a short walk through a fine bit of wood, the Liar Man found himself at the Country Club, where he was received with that cordiality that marks the Southerner. Here, at one of the best appointed country clubs in the South, he smoked, golfed, enjoyed the magnificent view and told tales which added to his importance by those who believed them.

But there were those who took his stories with a grain of allowance, and some even went so far as to accept the statement of their absolute truth with a mental reservation that, told out loud, would not have sounded hospitable.

One of these happened to be Jack.

That night the broad-shouldered Arkansan called on the Girl.

"I met a fellow at the Country Club today who gave out the impression that he has a pretty good stand-in out here. Who is he?" Jack demanded.

"What did he say?" the Girl answered.

"It wasn't so much what he said as the inference he left. It made me red-headed."

"There's nothing to get red-headed about. Father brought him out here one night, and I invited him to come again. He is thoroughly in

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love with our people, and so enthusiastic over the future of our State that I enjoy talking to him."

"And he's been coming to see you?"

"Not exactly to see me."

"But he sees you?"

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New Edition

"He's seen me a few times."

"I don't know what you find in him—what is it a woman admires about a smooth-tongued fellow of his kind? Honest, Margaret, what is it?"

"He's a lovely, cultured gentleman. He comes of a fine family, his ancestry running back through three hundred years of Cavalier stock. His grandfather founded a big New York publishing house, in which he has interests. He is talented, and writes beautiful poetry, and he never had a sister—and is lonesome in a strange place, and I think it's as little as we can do when men of his ability visit our State to treat them kindly."

Jack was silent. He was trying to recall something he had heard the Liar Man tell at the club.

Then he said: "And so you like him. Well, *I do not,* and I'm going to tell you why. I have sized him up as a full-fledged, unmitigated liar of the thoroughbred sort.; and you know that I hate a liar as well as I love you."

The Girl flushed. "Jack," she said, sharply, "you make an awful charge against a friend of mine!"

"How do you know he's not a liar?"

"How do I know it? Why, do you suppose a man who is as devoted as he is to his Christian mother would tell lies?"

"How do you know he has a Christian mother?"

"He says she is a Christian. He ought to know!"

"How do you know he has any mother at all?"

"He says so. *That's why!*"

Jack smiled. "Liars nearly always tell lies," he observed.

"He couldn't tell a lie," she continued. "He's a good Baptist."

"Who said so?"

"He did."

"Hard on the Baptists," Jack observed, "but a liar will lie, Baptist or no Baptist. This man is a liar, and if you were not a good little Sunday-school girl I would give you a bracing good idea of what kind of a liar I think he is."

"I am shocked, Jack," the Girl exclaimed. "I never thought you would use such language. It's almost as bad as swearing to call a man a liar, and it's dangerous, too. Lots of men have been killed for calling other men liars."

"Are you afraid the clever tale-teller will blast the fond hope of my parents and send me to an untimely end by taking my young life? If you are, calm your fear, mademoiselle!" said Jack with melodramatic effect. And then he laughed.

This was unfortunate. It always made the Girl mad to be laughed at by Jack, and he knew it.

"Don't worry about me, little girl," he continued, "but look out for the other fellow or I'll catch him out here some night and make his smiling countenance look like calf liver."

The Girl's eyes were flashing and her cheeks had red spots on now.

"I think," she said haughtily, "that you had better not take any chances on meeting my friend out here—at least not until you cool down somewhat and settle back into the habits of a gentleman. I should not like to have any friend—least of all *this* one, insulted by being called a liar, and to see his face beat into calf liver would certainly be very embarrassing!"

Ordinarily Jack would have laughed again.

Street Scene at Brinkley.

But the situation was getting serious. He had never seen her more angry, and he didn't like the way she spoke to him.

"I didn't know your friendship with him had reached this acute stage," he observed.

"I think a great deal of him." she observed stiffly.

Jack was both surprised and angry.

He hesitated a moment, then turned toward the door.

"Good-bye, Kid," he said. "I'll not be back until you send for me."

"I CHOOSE YOU."

The evening following Jack's last call on the Girl, the Liar Man came and had a little talk with the girl on ideals, and after delicately intimating that he had found his ideal woman and that she was not far away, he asked what qualities she most admired in men.

"I like purpose, honesty, strength, and above all, sincerity," she said. "There is so much hypocrisy, so much thin veneer, so much that is untrue. I hate insincerity. As an indication of character it is an unerring sign of weakness and duplicity. The woman or man who says sweet words to one's face and sticks the dagger of insinuating criticism in one's back is dangerous always, and when a man's ability puts him in a position to treat national men and affairs, or communities and commonwealths, he becomes an element in society that society should put down when he is false. A lie is not a nice topic for polite conversation; to charge any man or woman with being a liar is to say the worst, for back of a lie is a motive, and in this motive hides the danger. And yet there are liars, and some, who will not make a lie, love one. When I was little I learned a verse about "whosoever loveth or maketh a lie." I believe liars are an abomination to the Lord, and in this respect at least I am like Him," and the Girl paused.

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The Liar Man smiled at her last remark, and then leaned back in his leather chair and let an expression, sad and wistful, creep over his face.

"How our childhood stays with us!" he said in a subdued tone, as if treading on the threshold of sacred memories. "I learned the same verse, when I was little that you did, and at my mother's knee was taught that a lie is an abomination to the Lord. No man can more appreciate your sentiment on this question than I."

And then he produced a poem which, he said, he had written, and which was to appear in a handsome volume he was issuing through the printing plant in which he had vested interests. The poem was entitled, "I Choose You!"

I CHOOSE YOU.

The world is a wide one that holds you and me,
And peopled with folks false and true,
That charm many hearts as they come and they go—
But I choose you.
There are others bewitching, entrancing and gay,
There are types of the old and the new;
There are those who have fortunes—some few who have fame—
But I choose you.
I choose you, dear heart, for I love only one,
Without you the world would be blue;
So in all the vast throng you are dearest to me—
And I choose you.

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This poem he stole from an out-of-print number of the "Arkansas Sketch Book." He hesitated about appropriating it, but finally decided, since it appeared without a name, that if the Girl had once seen it and raised any ques-

tion as to its author, he would tell her he contributed to the "Sketch Book" and received ten dollars for it.

But the Girl asked no questions. She slept with it under her pillow and wished Jack had more sentiment in his make-up. He never wrote a poem in his life and escaped reading as many as possible.

Eastern Arkansas Planter.

AN ODE TO ARKANSAS.

Written for the Arkansas Press Association of 1908.

An L. E. G. I mean to write
2 U, dear Rkansaw,
A State without a ||
Yet charged with many a flaw.

In ¶'s hard to XQ'S
Is shown a 10denC
By people & by press abroad
Our critics fierce 2 B.

They say our heads R MT 1s
Of all I D A's new;
Our progress has gone 2 D K
& we R going 2.

They from the truth do D V 8.
With confidence B 9
Mbrace your oppur2niT
To tell them they are————————

Don't B 2 EZ. U have had
Great 40tude B4.
Get out your †, if need B,
And wade through C's of gore.

We do not try 2 cut a ——
Nor seem so 1 drous y's,
Though we have 8ty times more sense
Than those who tales Dvise.

The riches of our State would cause
A happy!
The beauty of our girls XQ's
A plea for annexation.

Should NE NV B aroused
'Tis done by Nature's ☞
Who blessed with beauty & great wealth
This § of the land.

Here's 2 U Rkansaw—Old State!
Wake up! Use all your I's
In XLNC U XL,
In spite of all the lies.

THE LIAR TELLS THE TRUTH.

The Liar Man had been out of the city several weeks, making a tour of Arkansas with the Business Men's Club, which intended giving the State some extensive advertising, and on this State-wide trip he had secured sufficient information about Arkansas' present prosperous condition and the opportunities the future promised its wonderful resources, to distort into a whole library of lies.

These he began to write for the Podunk Papers, but it was none of these he told the Girl the evening he spent telling her the incidents of his trip.

In his account he took the Girl with him on an imaginary trip. After a pleasant ride over the Rock Island, at which stops were made at numerous thriving towns along the way, they arrived in the border city of Arkansas, Fort Smith. Here they received a royal welcome. The Liar Man found seventy-five miles of paved streets to go automobiling on; he found sixty manufacturing plants, among them that of the Fort Smith Refrigerator Company, making the finest ice-boxes in the country, and the Fort Smith Cracker Company, which gave him leave to eat as many as he wanted of their two hundred kinds of cakes and crackers. He found a great brick plant baking brick in three ovens each with a capacity of 100,000 and having

orders for three years ahead to supply Fort Smith's demands. He found this great plant using natural gas as fuel, and learned that within a radius of ten miles of Fort Smith there are over sixty natural gas wells, with a daily output of 100,000,000 feet, and that this fuel costs less than the cost of handling coal, even though the latter is close at hand. He found

A Bunch of Fort Smith Farmers.

churches and homes and schools, the public schools having a fund of a million dollars. He found splendid electric car service, an Electric Park that made him think of his "own dear Coney" as the brightness of its first view met his eye, and a Country Club built and maintained in a manner that would do credit to New York.

From Fort Smith he went to Van Buren, and picked up some figures on the fruit shipment from this section, which netted shippers for

strawberries $500,000, for peaches $700,000, and for potatoes $700,000 in one season. He visited Fayetteville, the "Athens of Arkansas," and was surprised and delighted at the University of Arkansas. When the Liar Man arrived in the tale of his travels at the home of the big red apple, he described the country in such glowing terms that the Girl hardly recognized her own home land, and when he recounted the courtesies shown his party everywhere, from Booneville to Siloam Springs and from Yellville to Harrison, she was more than ever certain that no better people could be found in any land or clime than those in Arkansas, and thought the Liar made a pretty enough speech to print when he spoke of the "long-extended orchard" in "the garden spot of the world," and said the people of Northwest Arkansas were as good to get acquainted with as their apples were to eat—and as true at heart. She didn't know, poor Girl, that he had already written a hundred pages of something that didn't sound anything like what he was telling her.

Fort Smith's Four Hundred Put on a Heap of Style.

He described to the Girl a visit to the famous Poole fruit farm at Ozark, and a delightful entertainment at "The Cabin," the summer home in the Ozark Mountains of one of Little Rock's popular business men. He mentioned the culture and refinement he found at every turn, and the prosperity and progress he found working hand in hand at Russellville and other towns on the Fort Smith road. He had nice things to say of Conway and Morrillton, of Augusta and Hope and Newport and Jonesboro, of Magnolia and Texarkana, of Arkadelphia, where he found a great milling plant; of Pine Bluff, which he described as the "queen city of lumber and cotton," and devoted some time to describing. He made the Girl proud and pleased with his glowing account of the new roads and highways at Pine Bluff, of its wonderful mills and its big-hearted, progressive people. He told about the prairie cities; of Stuttgart, with its rice mill and other industries; Lonoke, and the flourishing cities and towns in Eastern Arkansas, where millions of acres of the richest land in the world yield such crops as can nowhere but in such soil be duplicated. He was a guest at Blytheville and numerous other Eastern Arkansas stopping points; and from them all brought something encouraging to tell the Girl, who was delighted to hear so good an account of her State, and especially glad that it came to her from an outsider who was beginning to make Jack's dream of the rose-grown cottage take on mighty uncertain outlines.

When he had set forth the rich resources of Arkansas as he had seen them, he counted off a list of health resorts he had discovered in Arkansas—from Hot Springs, where European nobility comes to boil out and retired capitalists congregate just to see which can outdo the other in the delightful abandon of spending thousands of dollars as other men spend nickles, to Heber, tucked away in the mountains, a delightful resting place for the traveler who doesn't wish to yacht or golf or appear in full dress for dinner or play poker or flirt with a chorus girl. The Girl had long known of Arkansas' health resorts, and had visited most of them, but she liked to hear the Liar Man give his impressions, and listened as if it were entirely new as he told of Eureka Springs, with its fine hotels and glorious environs; of Magazine, the beautiful blue pile that holds its head in the clouds; of Mount Nebo, with its unparalelled view of the valleys, its many attractions, not the least being the quality of the people one meets there; Monte Ne, than which there can be no more delightful place for the summer tourist; Lake Village, with its historic lake and fine fishing; Potash Sulphur, Mammoth Springs, Silioam Spring, and numerous other mountain and spring places. Last, but not least, Caddo Gap Springs, which have bubbled into the limelight to draw their share of health and pleasure-seekers.

These and other places of interest the Liar Man and the Girl discussed, and when she asked him why he didn't write about them as he had

told her of them, so that all the world might know a stranger's impressions of Arkansas, he said he had thought of it, and, while his talent lay mostly in the direction of poetry, he might later get up a series of articles on "A Stranger's Impressions of Arkansas."

The Liar Man had a lot of stories to tell the Girl, but he had spent so much time discoursing about Arkansas and recounting its opportunities, that he had to go. And, after receiving an invitation to call the next night and tell the stories, he hustled off to add a few lines to Podunk's lastest. A thought had come to him, which, properly distorted, would make story matter, and he wanted to get it down before it got away.

Helena Club Woman

THE LIAR TELLS A FEW LIES.

One of the charming little stories the Liar Man told the Arkansas Girl was about another Arkansas Girl he met in the mountains.

He had gone on a yachting party up White River to get information about pearl fishing, with a view of establishing a button factory, so he said.

With the skill of an artist the Liar Man described the scenery along White River as charming as that of the Hudson, with its blue-topped mountains, its picturesque gorges clothed with verdure, its forests and waterfalls. The fact was he had not been traveling with an eye for natural scenery, and was giving the Girl a description read from a book of travels, but she did not know it. He described the pearl fishers at work, and told the Girl he got on the track of a beautiful violet pearl which he intended to secure and present to her, and he quoted a couplet about an "Arkansas girl and an Arkansas pearl," which made her sorry he couldn't get the pearl. He didn't tell her the reason he failed to get the pearl was because there was no such pearl, and, if there had been, his present bank account would not have permitted an investment. After the pearl industry introduction, he described a trip into the mountains, and told the mountain maid story. In this he painted a picture of a rosy-cheeked maiden com-

Great Apple-Growing District of Northwest Arkansas.
"Hung Up Here for a While."

ing down a shady path with a calf. Her soft tresses were blowing in the wind and her short skirt disclosed a pair of beautifully shaped ankles and chubby feet. The calf was a little pet, a white-faced Hereford, and was as gentle as a kitten.

It was a beautiful picture, and the Girl had no means of knowing that what he really did meet was a barefoot country girl driving a yearling which was not even second cousin to a Hereford, and which was, so far from being gentle as a kitten, that it butted the Liar Man out of the path because he was not gentleman enough to step into the wet grass and let the girl have right of way. The only honest touch he left to the picture was a snuff stick in the girl's mouth, and this nearly spoiled the pretty story for the Girl.

When she showed her disapproval of the snuff brush and the short skirt, the Liar Man at once proved to her that it was no worse for a country girl to dip a sweet gum twig into ground tobacco and hold it in her mouth than for a society girl to roll her tobacco in a cigarette and smoke it. The country girl carried her tobacco in a little tin box, the city girl carried hers in a silver cigarette case. Which was worse? And then, in a fatherly and delicate manner, he showed the Girl that Dame Fashion stood sponsor for exceeding scarcity of wearing apparel on the female human frame if the starting point be well taken, a shortness of apparel going down being permissible. Inasmuch as custom permits this shortage of garment go-

ing down, why should custom condemn no greater scarcity when the starting point was the other mean extremity? The Girl had never thought of the matter in this light, and the fatherly wisdom of the Liar Man was even more attractive to her than his talent for poetry.

Another story he told her was of a fox hunt in Eastern Arkansas when he was the guest of a well-known Senator who knows every fox trail in Arkansas and has the finest pack of hounds in the State.

"Did you kill a fox?" the Girl asked eagerly. "I've always wanted a brush."

"No, but I killed a bear," the Liar Man said, and then he explained why he didn't get a fox, and told how he got the bear. The story was so exciting the Girl held her breath and feared for the life of her brave friend, and if she had not seen him before her, she would have been certain he met death, so hazardous was his position and so enraged the bear.

She had no means of knowing the bear was made over from a half-starved pig, and that the party who was doing the running was the man instead of the bear.

Once, a long time after, when she and Jack were entertaining in their own little home, she heard the story from the Senator and laughed as heartily as Jack.

She didn't know yet that she ever would hear an untruth escape from the lips of the brave bear-killer, and, so far as Jack was concerned, she hadn't thought of the little home with him for a month.

Jack surmised as much. That's what hurt.

HOW THE RAZOR-BACK HAPPENED.

One of the most successful lies the Liar Man told on Arkansas was the outgrowth of his tour over Arkansas with the Business Men's Special.

At every point he shut his eyes to facts and conjured up far-fetched tales. The splendid business men of Fort Smith, who had so handsomely entertained him, he referred to as "a bunch of Fort Smith farmers," and the touring car that whirled him over the paved streets of a fine city degenerated into a shack pulled by a pair of jack-rabbit mules. The splendid report of the fruit industry he had secured at Van Buren, changed into a poem which appeared as follows in Podunk Literature:

It was in the year of '82, in the merry month of June,
That I landed in Van Buren one sultry afternoon.
A walking skeleton came up to me and handed out his paw
And invited me to his hotel, "The best in Arkansas."

I followed this landlord unto his dwelling place,
Poverty was depicted in his melancholy face,
His beard it was corn-dodger, his beef I couldn't chaw,
And that 's the kind of chuck I got in the State of Arkansas.

I started out next morning to catch an early train.
Said he, "You 'd better work for me, I have some land to drain;
I 'll give you fifty cents a day, your board and lodge and all,
And you 'll find yourself a different man when you leave old Arkansas.

I worked six weeks for this galoot, Jess Herald was his name;
He stood seven feet in his boots, he was tall as any crane;
His hair hung down in ringlets, down o'er his lantern jaw;
He 's the photograph of all those gents who are raised in Arkansas.

He fed me on corn-dodger, as hard as any rock,
My teeth began to loosen and by knees began to knock;
I got to thin on sassafras tea I could hide behind a straw,
And indeed I was a different man when I left Arkansas.

I got aboard an evening train, a quarter after five,
And started out for Coffeyville, half dead and half alive;
I got a quart of whisky my troubled mind to thaw,
And I got drunk as a boiled owl when I left Arkansas.

Farewell to sage and sassafras tea and those corn-dodger pills,
Farewell to the ague, the canebreaks, and the chills;
If ever I see that land again, I 'll hand to you my paw,
For that will be through a telescope from here to Arkansas.

Farewell to Jesse Herald, likewise his darling wife;
I never can forget her to the last day of my life;
She put her little hand in mine and tried to squeeze my paw.
Said she, "Dear Bill, remember me when you leave old Arkansas."

The episode with the mountain maid and the calf afforded him a valuable hint for a picture of an Arkansas woman, which he introduced by describing the domestic calf of Arkansas, a fierce creature known to attack the human in broad daylight, and which can only be kept under control by half-wild women of great size, who roam the fields and climb the hills, chew green twigs and eat clay. The more civilized mountain maids have hair of a bleached yellow and coarse, like frayed rope. Their heads are shaped like wasp nests, they have mouths like a fish, and wear "panties" made of flour sacks,

which hang down to their ankles. The affluent among these country girls have a new red calico dress once a year. The middle and poorer classes have but one garment per year, and all look alike, for whatever color these gowns were in the beginning, they grow into the same color, never having been washed.

As he thought of the severity with which the calf had butted him out of the path he enlarged on the Arkansas girl article until he had made one of his most famous stories.

He then turned his attention to the fox hunt, and the great bear that he didn't kill, and proceeded to get even with a little Arkansas pig which had scared the wits entirely out of him, by telling lies even on this innocent animal.

The hunting party was sleeping peacefully when the Liar Man became aroused by the clatter of cooking utensils. Seizing a gun, he rushed toward the cooking tent, when something came snorting along that scared the daylights nearly out of him at the first snort. Throwing his gun at the evil beast, hoping thereby to stay it a moment in its mad endeavor

Evidences of Civilization in Arkansas.

to bite him, he galloped in the direction of the nearest tree, crying mightily for help. By this time the bear looked every inch of seven feet tall, with teeth a foot long, and blood and fire in its eye.

When his companions arrived to his rescue they found a pig trotting into the shadows. This was the bear.

It was some time before his beating heart steadied itself so that he could climb to the ground. When he arrived on *terra firma* he found himself intact, with the exception of certain portions of his pajamas that were left sticking on the scaly bark.

But he got even with the pig by manufacturing him into twenty-seven varieties of the Arkansas razor-back, each one worse than the last, from an old he animal used for sawing timber into logs to a little fellow used for boring keyholes.

Thus it came to pass that, while the Business Men's Special was touring the State, getting facts and figures about Arkansas to develop a yet "greater Arkansas," the guest on whom they were bestowing every courtesy and kindness was, by their expenditure of time and money, getting together such a batch of lies as would make the effort of the Business Men's Club twenty-five years slow in developing, so great does the speeding power of a lie exceed that of the truth.

There was something with better speeding power than truth on the track of the Liar Man, however.

"FLORA AND FAUNA."

Once, away back in the days of his childish innocence, the Liar Man had gone to school and had heard about "flora and fauna." This came to him now as a good title, and so he wrote about the flora and fauna of Arkansas.

In his travels he had seen more wild flowers in Arkansas than he had ever seen before, and had heard more bird music and had enjoyed more good hunting and fishing.

He had seen Pulaski Heights when its slopes and dells were purple with violets. He had seen the snowy blossoms of the dogwood gleaming through the trees, and had stood in admiration before the stately magnolia, with its giant blossoms. He had sniffed the air, fragrant with wild plum and hawthorn blooms. He had seen the scarlet trumpet vine in all its beauty, and the wild rose growing in profusion. He had admired rose-pink poppies growing on grassy slopes, purple iris on its wiry stems, white daisies, snapdragon, phlox, spring beauty and ferns such as would be the envy of a New York hothouse. He had trod under the pillared aisles of Arkansas forests, and had admired the glory of the oak, the stately pride of the pine, the feathered crest of the cypress, the lacework of the gum and elm branches, and the grace of swinging willows. He had reveled in the beauty of fern-grown dell, mossy valley and wooded mountain.

He had heard the plaintive music of the wild

Conway, a Small Place Where They Teach Young Ideas How to Shoot.

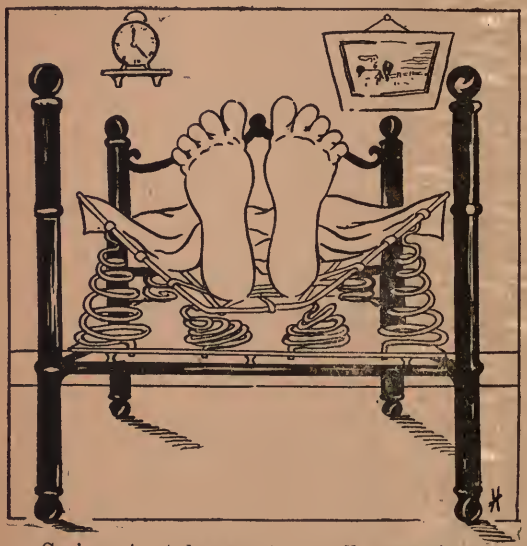
dove mourning in some thicket; he had heard the meadow lark and the glorious, unmatchable song of the mocking bird. He had hunted the turkey, and had listened with delight to the story of early days, when wild turkeys flocked the woods in such droves that the pioneer could stand in his cabin door and shoot them by the dozen. He had hunted deer and found game fish.

But when he came to write his "flora and fauna" article, it developed that Podunk was, in a frame of man, even to "out-Podunk Podunk."

About all he could think of in the flora line was stinkweed and poison ivy. "The first," he wrote, "grows everywhere, and emits such an odor that health officers have organized a crusade against it and have ordered it buried as fast as discovered." And he told a funny story about a boy that put some in his father's trouser pockets, and his wife got a divorce because he wouldn't wash his feet. "Poison ivy," he wrote, "was less offensive, but more dangerous. A beautiful vine, growing in profusion, it is often picked by the unsuspecting, when its deadly poison proves fatal. If the victim simply inhales the deadly atmosphere which surrounds it he will soon break out in pimples, which develop into blisters and then into warts. These warts are very painful, but the natives welcome them, as, in case they do not appear, the poison will go to the head and swell it to enormous proportions. Persons with this affection are said to have the "big head." If water

gets on the brain when the head is in this enlarged condition it drowns the intelligence. The reason so many of the natives of Arkansas lack intelligence is due entirely to the poison ivy, and not to any prenatal suggestion or paternal influence, neither of which ever bother Arkansas people. The scrub oak is seen everywhere. It takes twenty to make an ordinary tree. They are used principally for building rail fences and farmhouses, and the largest limbs make good brush for bean vines."

When he came to the "fauna" he marshaled up a long train of wild, weird and rapacious insects, wild and domestic animals and natives.



Springs in Arkansas Are Well Patronized.

He started with the tarantula, and gave out information to the effect that "its size equals that of a dinner plate; it jumps like a leopard and gallops like a hound, and hides by the roadside, from whence it springs on solitary travelers, drags them to the underbrush and kicks the stuffing out of them with its powerful hairy legs." This made a thrilling story. Then he described the centipede as a deadly carnivorous insect, with a thousand legs, which live in settlements and go out on the hunt like a human. Their claws are so horny they sound when traveling over the rocks as if they wore shoes." The mosquito came next, and was written of as an attraction "never billed and yet never seen unbilled, its bill being obtruded many times, when it is considered quite a bore." This sounded so smart he wanted to read it to the Girl, only he didn't dare. From the mosquito the Liar Man moved his pen down to the tick.

He had been to numerous picnics and garden parties and had never seen a tick. But he had learned from the dictionary that they were found in most Southern States, so he located a million in Arkansas, and described the harrowing manner in which they fasten their gluttonous clutches on the human frame and use it for lunch purposes, and when his description was at an end he told a story of a tick which grew so big it was mistaken for a bed tick.

After this sally the Liar Man moved from the insect into the bird world, and mentioned buzzards and bullfrogs as the principal song birds

of Arkansas. The first is a warbler of some note, whose song, "Hark, From the Tombs," can be heard almost anywhere in Arkansas. He says this bird is held in veneration by the common classes, and is the best-fed animal in the State. Complimentary to the bullfrog, he said the Arkansas bullfrog was the finest singer he had ever heard.

Before he reached the larger animals he had run out of anything to say, and only mentioned dogs, which, he said, were "indiginous to the soil" and grew to such proportions it took dynamite to move them unless they had a mind to go. He also spoke briefly of a "hard-tail," a nearly extinct animal he had on a few occasions seen plowing with a woman in some isolated districts.

When he had finished this he went out and bought a copy of "Pictures and Poems of Arkansas," in green leather binding, and took it out to the Girl.

Little Rock Society Man.

AKANSAS STATE FAIR.

The Liar Man concluded to go to the State Fair and see what Arkansas could get up in the way of an exhibit.

When he arrived at Beautiful Oaklawn he was agreeably surprised, for although its fame had reached even to New York, where he had heard it discussed at Belmont Park, he was not prepared for just the picture that met his view.

The State Fair was also a surprise. He had been over the State, but had not seen its products collectively. Here they were—cotton and corn and rice and fruit and vegetables, and plenty of people were enjoying it. Eastern tourists, Arkansas business men and farmers rubbed elbows, and the Liar Man grew interested in watching them and hearing the different expressions of what they saw.

He visited the interesting places of Hot Springs, and found it to be well entitled to its worldwide fame. Here were numerous springs giving out 1,000,000 gallons of water daily for the healing of the nations. Here were hotels of magnificent proportions and palatial furnishings; here was the Army and Navy Hospital, and the beautiful mountain reserves, with their picturesque scenery and delightful mountain drives.

But in the story he wrote of Podunk at Hot Springs he didn't mention any of these attrac-

tions. He had a drawing made which was supposed to be very funny, with the inscription, "The springs of Arkansas are well patronized." The State Fair made a splendid topic for a big lie, and he wrote it. Its main features were "a lot of pumpkins, a few chunks of coal, a pig just recovering from the measles, a cow that looked like an extinct bicycle, and innumerable "Reubens" trying to buy gold watches for fifteen cents a chance, and walking home as a result of the purchase. In this article he described Paw and Maw Peters on "the Pike," writing something like this:

"Paw," said a little old lady with big spectacles, as she clutched the arm of a stoop-shouldered man with a red handkerchief, who stood under a megaphone in front of a tent, "does the feller say 'fleas?' "

"If my ears hain't turned to wood he does say 'fleas.' Yes, Maw, he says 'fleas.' "

"Fleas! fleas!" she exclaimed, "thirty thousand dollars worth of fleas! Who ever heard tell of thirty thousand dollars worth of fleas!" and she turned her ear in the direction of the megaphone and listened as the spieler continued his uninterrupted spiel.

"Don't it beat anything you ever heard tell of? He does say 'fleas.' Paw, what sort of fleas do you reckon these is? They ain't no common dog fleas, certain."

"Electrical fleas, I reckon," he answered, thoughtfully.

"Electrical fleas?"

"I reckon they must be. That would account

fer their hoppin'. Electricity could make 'em hop to beat the band."

"Listen, Paw, he's tellin' something," and the farmer and Mrs. Peters moved closer to the megaphone.

"Marvelous performance!" he was shouting, "exhibiting all but human intelligence in their spectacular gymnastic feats. Come on! Come on!"

"Paw, What Sort of Fleas Do You Reckon These Is"

"This here's a bunco, Maw. Let's pass it up."

Just then the megaphone turned in the direction of the interested pair of listeners. "Come on! This way to see real live fleas do marvelous stunts. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Pass in. Hurry! Hurry!"

"I saw, Paw, we better investigate this here flea business. If fleas is comin' into use, I got some to sell. I bet this here whole flea circus hain't got a flea in it as big as them on old Tige, and I never dreamed *they* was worth anything. Let's go in."

They next stopped in front of a tent decorated with the picture of a big blue giant, a man with a megaphone shouting.

"Mountain of flesh!" repeated Mrs. Farmer Peters. "Paw, don't you reckon he's stretchin' it mightily?"

Farmer Peters eyed the tent critically. "She hain't no mountain, sure. But if that place bulging up at the top is her head, she's big as a house. Remember them pictures in Sam's Christmas book about a feller named Gulliver? He run acrost some whoppers in his time. Like enough they've caught one of them somewhere. You know, Maw, money can get anything. I like fat women. Let's go in and see this one." And Farmer Peters turned toward the tent.

From the fat lady's tent they went to see the Alligator Girl and heard that civilization has done little for her. "She has a remarkable appetite for dog and a fondness for geese," the megaphone man shouted. "Untamed and at

home with alligators, she is the curiosity and puzzle of the age. Don't miss this opportunity of seeing the Alligator Girl. Spectators warned not to arouse her. She bites. This way! This way!"

The People Gathered to See the Mountain of Flesh.

"Let's step in, Maw, unless you 're afraid of gettin' bit," said Paw Peters.

"You 're more apt to get bit than I am. You's bin bit more 'n once," she retorted, and they went in.

In and out of the cheap shows they went, until at last they stopped before a show which Maw Peters objected to.

"Paw Peters! Paw Peters, where 're you goin'?" she panted, when he paused at the ticket office, digging in his trouser pocket for coin.

"Paw Peters! Paw Peters!" his alarmed companion exclaimed, "where are you going?"

"Two tickets—front row tickets—and hurry up," he said, as he threw down a half-dollar.

"Paw Peters," his wife exclaimed in dismay, "this here ain't no place for you!"

"I'll be blest if it ain't," he answered.

"But you're a deacon in the Baptist church."

"Deacon nothin'," he exclaimed. "Come on if you want to go with *me,* and *hurry!*"

And the poor soul was dragged in to see Cleo.

* * * * * * * * *

Just and right it was to follow that Retribution, armed to the teeth, was to overtake the Liar Man in this city in which he now complacently wrote lies.

LITTLE ROCK.

With the evident belief in saving the best until last, the Liar Man reserved his funny story about Little Rock until he had paid his compliments, per Podunk, to every other section of the State.

He knew Little Rock pretty well by now. He was well acquainted with the officers and membership of its Board of Trade, its Business Men's League and its Retail Merchants' Association. He had been a guest at their luncheons for the upbuilding of a "greater Little Rock." He had noted on every hand the numerous evidences of healthy city growth, the erection of splendid public and business buildings, the improvement of streets and the increase in the volume of business. He had seen forty thousand bales of cotton at one warehouse, stretching away in avenues like miniature barlap houses, and had learned of the importance of Little Rock as a cotton center; and yet he said its business men were "mossbacks" and its commerce like that of a country village.

He had been a guest at the Country Club, the Athletic Association, the Quapaw Club, the Scottish Rite Consistory, and the Elks' Home. He had swam in the Y. M. C. A. natatorium and bowled in its alleys. He had been a guest of the Automobile Club, the Shooting Club and the Yachting Club. He had heard Yaw and Nordica and Calve and Patti at the Opera House,

and had been to lectures and musicales and box and dinner parties innumerable; and yet he said there was no social life in Arkansas's capital city, because of the fossilized ideas of the people who didn't want their young people to go to anything more exciting than Sunday school, lest they should become "worldly minded," nor their old people anything more wicked than prayer meeting.

Little Rockers Looking at the First Four-Story Sky-Scraper Built in the Capital City.

He had seen the handsome new Little Rock Library; had read in the Y. M. C. A. library; had been to the Co-operative Library, and had been offered the use of numerous private libraries; and yet he said there were no libraries in Little Rock and that the most cultured citizens had never heard of Omar or Aristotle. Dawn was, however, to break over this heathen darkness, as a Woman's Club was agitating the matter of a getting a library. He said he heard them talking about it, and one lady said: "We must have all 'Ben-Hur's' works in it," to which the other assented.

"And I think we ought to keep all the great American poets, like Ralph Waldo Longfellow

and William Cullen Alcott and Joseph Thomas Jefferson in one place, don't you all?" And they assented.

"And how would it do to have portraits of a few of the great historians, like Bertha Clay and Shakespeare, put in frames and hung up? It might inspire our sons to make something of themselves," said a third. And when two dozen

Little Rock Society Girl in Riding Habit. She Rides Astride.

as helpful suggestions had been accepted they were ready for the library.

When the library question was settled, the educational question was discussed. The Liar Man had visited the High School from top to bottom; had watched its cooking classes with a hungry desire to eat the goods things they concocted. He had watched the sewing classes, and inwardly and outwardly declared his steadfast belief in the education that was practical and made good homemakers. He had seen the manual training classes and had visited the splendidly equipped laboratories, among the finest in the South. He had seen the athletic training of its boys and girls, and had admired their progress in art and music; and much of this same work he knew was being done in every public school in the city. He visited the magnificent new St. Mary's Academy and the Litle Rock College, but he never mentioned any of these in his treatment of educational advantages in Arkansas. He produced figures to prove it the most ignorant burg on earth, and told how he had seen prominent citizens in Little Rock sitting in the car, with a newspaper upside down, trying to look intelligent.

He put in a line about the streets, which, he said, were built "when Heck was a pup" out of cobblestones, and he told a story about a man who was foolish enough to get an automobile. In his new machine he started down street, but the way was so rough it only hit the road three times a block, and folks thought it was a flying machine. After telling as many lies on Little

Rock as he could well cram into the space allotted to Podunk, he wound up at the Old State House, which he accused of having been built before the war.

This charge was a true one as far as it went, but it didn't go far enough for the Old Statehouse was built seventy years ago and stands today, somewhat the worse for wear, but still a monument of ante-bellum glory and a source of veneration and pride to the people of a new generation.

It would seem to some liars too much like

In Little Rock the Poor Old Rooster Works Overtime While His Wife Takes Vocal Lessons and Does Society Stunts.

telling lies on a venerable gray-haired man to lie on the Old Statehouse.

But the Man Who Lied on Arkansas had no bump of veneration and was like George Washington in that George could not tell a lie while this one couldn't tell the truth. So the Old Statehouse got its share. He said its yard was grown up with underbrush and its basement so damp that snakes and bullfrogs crawled into it when the July sun turned their hiding places along the river bank into a sandbar. There were other things he said that he thought were equally funny. But in enlarging the infirmities of the Old Statehouse he never mentioned the magnificent new State Capitol in course of construction.

Instead of giving any news of this nature to the world he had an amateur artist whose friendship he had cultivated, draw some "supposed-to-be-funny pictures." One was of Little Rock citizens out viewing the first "skyscraper" four stories high. He had a killing picture made of a Little Rock rooster working overtime while his wife did society stunts; a picture of a female suffragist, Little Rock variety, business man attending a convention, and as a climax he had the Little Rock society girl pictured in a divided riding habit.

This was a powerful ludicrous picture and the Liar Man laughed his eyes nearly out when he saw it.

Well it was that he had his laugh when he did. Fate was to make use of this picture, and Jack was to take a hand in the game.

The Liar Man had by this time written a thousand lies and coarse jokes on Arkansas and was now about to have his Podunk collection made into a book. His publishers assured him it would sell like hot cakes, and he needed the money, for he had some choice investments picked out in Arkansas.

During his stay in Arkansas he had taken a trip to Hot Springs and other points and with his feet on a velvet rug and his head on a tapestry cushion had enjoyed the luxuries of up-to-date train service, meantime digging from the recesses of his brain every old joke he could think of to put in a "slow train" story, even to that ancient one of the lady who offered the conductor a child's ticket for a decrepit old man who, when he got on the train, was an innocent, curly-haired child just cutting his eye teeth.

The Liar Man had quarters at a hotel where his wants were attended by a maid and a porter, where he wiped his fingers on satin damask and moistened his moustache in fragrant water after a ten-course dinner.

But the Arkansas Hotel was a different thing when Podunk took hold of it. His first reference to the Arkansas hotel was a humorous selection about a man who had the back of his head blown off one day, and the coroner said his landlady got too much soda in the biscuit. He referred again to the female swine bosom which in this case was tied on a piece of stout

twine and used by each boarder in turn, to grease his pallet for the passage down of the dodger, saving it to boil with greens next day. He pictured chickens roosting on the meal barrel, the cook trying to scare a tomcat off the biscuit-board by spitting tobacco in his eye, and guests wiping their fingers on the seats of their pants and picking their teeth with butcher knives.

He attended a ball at the Quapaw Club and saw more fine ladies and gentlemen than he had ever met in New York, for in the Eastern metropolic, tailors and landladies had kept him jumping at such a lively rate he never had time to establish social relations. That was before he lied on Arkansas. Now he had plenty of money and in the first dress suit he ever owned, was trying to feel "like he vas ust to it." Here were army officers from Fort Roots and leading club and society men of Little Rock. Here were fair women in gowns from Paris, New York, and up-to-date home-gown builders. It was a brilliant affair of music, lights, laughter, courteous men and fair women. But when an Arkansas dance appeared in Podunk literature as a sample of social life, it was a knock-down and drag-out, in a log house where a cross-eyed fiddler ground out fierce strains while men in flannel shirts swung girls in pink calicoes and blue beads, ending in a free-for-all fight in which several dogs were kicked to death and a feud begun that lasted ten years.

The Liar Man said a hundred nice things about the different schools he visited in Arkan-

sas, but when he gave his impressions to Podunk readers they saw a log cabin with a dirt floor and puncheon seats on which were ranged about thirteen woe-begone looking specimens of Arkansas youth, each with a different book, ranging in kind from a blue-back speller to a Pope's Essay on Man with its insides all torn out.

Once he had taken occasion to look into health statistics and found Arkansas's record good. But Podunk must tell a lie of some sort, so he strained his thinking apparatus and finally ground out a silly verse about chills and pills and many ills. He depicted the sad appearance of a man whose internal organs had been drowned by sassafras tea which he drank in large quantities to cure the "pink eye." He told of several men who, having been salivated, had choked to death on their own teeth, and of yet others who took quinine until their ears roared so they thought Satan was after them, and they finally landed in the "bug house." All this Podunk reduced to his kind of literature.

A portion of another article was devoted to the press of Arkansas. For months he had read the Arkansas Gazette with its up-to-date service in the morning and the Evening Democrat in the afternoon. He had found the Arkansas Sketch Book the handsomest magazine in the South; he had discovered the country press to be up to date and the religious press to be well patronized. He had found poultry and professional and society journals, but when he mentioned the Arkansas press he did it in a

A Pine Bluff Love Scene.

When times are bad and the road is rough.
And grub is scarce and you can't get enough;
When you 've lost your job and you feel plum tough,
Remember there 's plenty at old Pine Bluff.

Don't fill your mind with this rotten stuff—
That the World owes every poor dog a cuff;
It 's neither a lie nor newspaper puff,
That there 's work, peace, and plenty in old Pine Bluff.

joking manner, mentioning the "Tall Grass Gazette," and the "Bulltown Bazoo," both tri-weeklies—tried to get out one week and got out the next. He told a tale about a "squirrel-head" who being approached by a boodler, bit him. He made quite a story of this. The point was never obvious, but the word " squirrel-head" sounded so good it was well worked.

In addition to the varied industries he had found in Arkansas, ranging from tomato canning to building sky-scrapers, he had found some unusual industries. Among them ostrich and alligator farms, an elk ranch, bauxite at Bauxite. He had visited the largest peach orchard in the world at El Dorado, had seen the $100 prize-winning "World's Fair" hen at a Stuttgart chicken fair, and had visited Vestal's famous greenhouse and seen plant life from an orchid to a pecan tree.

But in writing of infant industries of Arkansas, Podunk passed these up and mentioned the stork business, the poor, overworked bird suffering from brain fag brought about by the fear of making wrong deliveries since the population of Arkansas is "white, black, and colored." He got nearly killed once for making a mistake of this kind. Podunk went farther than most writers on this most interesting subject and said the Arkansas stork delivered its goods with their jaw teeth cut to enable them to eat dodger.

His second hit was with a diamond story.

"What you got in that bag?" said a stranger to a young fellow in home-made trousers, who toiled along a dusty way toward town with a heavily laden tow-sack on his back.

"Diamonds," came the reply.

"Diamonds?" said the stranger in astonishment.

"Yep—the genunine Arkansas diamond."

"Let 's see them."

The bag was opened and a pile of crystals shaken out.

"What are they for?" the stranger asked.

"These is nice fer flower-bed borders."

"I don't mean this kind of diamonds. I'm talking about the little ones used in rings and scarf pins. Got any of them?"

"Yep, but they' re gone up. They ust to sell at a dollar a quart; now they 're two. That's about four bits a cupful," and untying a red bandana he stirred up a quantity of small crystals.

"These ain't polished, but they shore do shine when they 're treated right."

"And these are Arkansas diamonds?"

"Yep, the genuine."

"Will you sell a dime's worth? I only need a few."

"Yep, a nickel's worth, if you say so," and counting out a dozen the deal was closed.

"Arkansas diamonds," said the man and the peddler wondered why he laughed.

The Liar Man hesitated before writing this. He had been trying for three months to get some stock in the Pike County mine and had just been notified that it could be secured.

But thinking as he had thought before of his pressing need of money, he let it go.

A BAD MOVE.

Before the Liar Man signed a contract with the publishers who guaranteed to sell a million copies of his famous lies on Arkansas, he had their written promise that they would under no condition disclose his identity.

In the first place, unless she was dead (and he hoped she was) there was an ex-Affinity somewhere looking for him.

Ten years before he had made some promises to a poor soul who believed them. And when she learned that she had put too much confidence in a big liar instead of a good Baptist or even a decent white man, she determined to see that he made good in her case, if he never did another.

When the Liar Man got unmistakable evidence of this determination, he decided to scoot, and lose himself. The ex-Affinity was ten years older than he, and as he was no spring chicken he argued that she was old enough to take care of herself and he proposed to let her do it.

She never once dreamed that he would turn his back on metropolitan high life for a tame existence in far-away Arkansas. The Liar Man was sure of this and thus felt secure so long as she didn't run across his name.

In addition to this, he would not for the world have had the Arkansas Girl know who Podunk was. She possessed a different and stronger attraction for him than any of his

numerous affinities had ever done, and he met a new one every once in a while, and his acquaintance with her had stimulated him to so decent a life in Arkansas and he had for the time being lost interest in affinities.

The book came out in due season and his first royalty enabled him to go in handsomely on Arkansas investments. He got an option on some tall timber, bought a site for a couple of factories and interested himself in a proposed railroad. He knew a Chicago capitalist who wanted to put a mill on the timber tract and had another money-man in mind to interest in the railroad.

The book had been somewhat discussed but not among the class of people with whom the Girl associated, and the Liar Man wondered if she had ever seen or heard of it, and several months after its appearance he took a copy out to the Colonial home one night and presented it to the Girl.

"Is it something for me?" she said smiling, and with the smile yet on her face she opened the package.

Then the smile gave place to an expression of surprise and displeasure, for the kind and quality of the book was suggested on its red and green cover.

She turned the pages and as she did so the expression on her face that at first bespoke surprise, now showed disgust, and before she had proceeded far, the brightness of her eyes and the red spots her cheeks were such evidences as Jack had learned meant trouble ahead.

"Did you look at this before bringing it to me?" she inquired, casting a searching glance at the Liar.

The Liar was no fool. He saw the fire in her eye.

"I must confess I did not," he said anxiously. "Is n't it all right?"

"All right?" she repeated angrily. "It is an abominable lie from the first page to the last, and not even a decent lie at that!"

"You don't say!" he exclaimed. "Let me see!" and he held out his hand.

She passed him the open book and his eye fell on a full-page picture entitled "Home Life in Arkansas." Something intended to represent a female of the 'genus homo,' occupied a seat in the middle of what was supposed to be a room. She had a pair of raw-boned offspring on her knee taking their sustenance from Nature's supply source which was as innocent of any covering as was a matronly hog nearby. The little brothers and sisters in various stages of undress fought pups for the possession of ham bones making faces at each other like monkeys, and the father of the family was doing the chiropodist act on a sore toe with the bread knife.

As the Girl held this picture before him, the Liar Man flushed with shame.

"This is outrageous!" he exclaimed. "I should have examined it, but I did not think of finding anything like this in a reputable book store. I saw it was something about Arkansas and thought you would like to look at it. I only

hope you give me credit for being too much of a gentleman to present any self-respecting young lady with such disreputable trash, and you certainly believe me too great a friend of our beloved Arkansas to aid in her traducing by adding to the circulation of this so much as a single copy. Let us put it in the fire," and the Liar Man made a move in the direction of the grate. But the Girl held out her hand.

He hesitated, then gave it to her.

She looked in the front.

"Podunk" she read to herself and then she repeated the name of the publishing house.

"I am glad you brought this book," she said, "for now that I know of its existence I am going to try to find out who this Podunk is. Will you help me?"

"Will I help locate this scoundrel?" he repeated, "Will I? It will be a pleasure. I will lend any effort to discover the perpetrator of this vile trash. Let me get the address." And, taking the publisher's name carefully, he tucked it in his pocket.

"I will write this very night before I sleep," he declared. "No time shall be lost in showing the scoundrel to the world."

And he did write that night, but he wrote to call his publisher's attention to the existing contract guarantee not to uncover Podunk's identity.

JACK TO THE RESCUE.

The Liar Man had hard luck in his effort to discover the identity of Podunk and the Girl grew impatient and finally sent for Jack.

"Jack," she said, "you always used to like detective work and I want somebody to help me find out something. It is quite necessary to my happiness, Jack, that I find this out."

"What is it?"

"The identity of a man."

"Your friend, the man—"

"Now, Jack, be nice. Don't make me fuss today. This is important, and it 's got nothing whatever to do with him."

"All right, then. Go ahead."

"You know Podunk, Jack?"

"Podunk?" he repeated. Podunk who? I never heard of Podunk."

"O yes you have, Jack. He wrote that book of stories on Arkansas."

Jack laughed.

"I don't see how you can laugh, Jack," the Girl said, looking serious. "Such terrible lies as he has told and so many of them."

"That 's just the beauty of them," Jack explained. "They are such preposterous lies nobody can believe them."

"O but they will create an influence and people do not stop to run down lies. I am sure of it!" and there was distress in her voice.

"And you want me to help you discover the identity of Podunk?"

"Yes."

"What do you propose to do to him?"

"Write him a letter," she answered.

"Nice punishment," he observed. "It 's been a long time since you wrote to me—I suppose I have n't been bad enough."

He Met a New Affinity Every Once in a While.

"Don't talk that way, Jack, and I 'll write you a letter."

"I 'll do this or any other possible or impossible thing under heaven for you, Kid, you know it. But you have n't been calling on me much lately. I imagined the other fellow was doing all your bidding—that friend of yours whose devotion to his aged mother will make a saint of him, who serves God in the fear of the Baptist faith, and who would n't know the truth, naked or clothed, if he met it in broad daylight."

"He has tried but has been very busy lately and out of town a great deal," she answered. "He wrote to the publishers who informed him the author did not want his identity divulged."

"I would n't either, if I were he."

"Look Jack," she whispered. "Can you imagine anything more horrid than this?" and she called his attention to the picture of the Little Rock society girl in divided riding habit. You know that I ride that way and I 'm afraid this Podunk is somebody that has been here, maybe someone who has ridden with me, and that this is my picture."

Jack scruntinized it carefully and then looked carefully at the Girl.

"I believe it is your picture," he remarked slowly. "It looks like you, Kid," and then he laughed until the Girl's vexation gave way to tears.

This ended the laughing on Jack's part.

"Jack," she sobbed, "do you think that—that—awful-looking thing looks like me?"

"Just about as much as it looks like my

grandmother or Dinah or Sara Bernhardt, or Podunk."

This was reassuring, and he continued, "I will do my best to unearth the villain and when I discover him, I 'll inflict any punishment you mete out to him."

"If you will, Jack—well, if you will—I don't know what I 'll do for you, but I like you yet, Jack."

And then Jack surprised both himself and the Girl by kissing her before he hurried out.

* * * * * * * * *

A few days later Jack called again.

"I have a clew," he said, and taking from his pocket a bit of cardboard he handed it to the Girl and she held in her hand a rough sketch of the Little Rock society girl in riding habit.

"Where did you get it?" she inquired.

"From the artist who made the drawing in Podunk's book."

"Tell me—tell me—talk fast," she exclaimed.

Nothing much to tell. I was stirring around in a friend's room a few days ago, who imagines he is an artist, when I ran across this with some other sketches. I asked him what it was and he said a rough sketch for a fellow here who has been getting up stuff for some funny paper in the east."

"Did you find out who the fellow is?"

"O yes. You wanted it done, and I wanted it because you did and since we both wanted it—"

"Jack—dear Jack—don't try to be funny now. Tell me who had the pictures made!"

Jack hesitated.

"Please, Jack, hurry up," she pleaded.

"You know him," he said slowly. "In fact, he 's a friend of yours. He is devoted to an aged mother, and is a good Baptist."

"Jack, you don't mean—"

"He 's exactly who I do mean!"

The Girl stood speechless.

"I don't believe it," she finally exclaimed. "I mean I can't believe it, Jack."

"I was afraid you could n't, so I brought you some additional proof. Do you know this handwriting?" and he passed her an open letter.

She gazed at it speechless. It had come to her times innumerable on candy boxes and roses, and there were a dozen notes in her desk with the same signature.

"How did you get it?" she inquired when she could speak.

"I have a friend in Chicago in the book business. I gave him your friend's name and asked him to communicate with him through the house publishing the Podunk stuff telling him that I wanted to establish an identity. What you hold in your hand was his reply."

The Girl looked at the signature again and then letting it fall to the floor she raised her eyes to the face of the broad shouldered Arkansan and tried to thank him.

"Poor little Kid," he said tenderly. "I 'm sorry for you and if pounding that lying ass into pulp will do you any good, I 'll catch him tonight and pound—shall I?"

"Wait a little before you pound," she said. "I want to have one more interview with him."

Prospects were bright for the Liar Man. Outside capital was going to invest in Arkansas and develop his holdings.

The time had now come for him to make the diamond ring proposition to the Girl and after dressing with due taste and arming himself with a box of Erret Hamilton's famous candy, he wended his way to the Colonial mansion with the notion lodged in his mind that he would soon be occupying a good birth in it himself.

The Girl met him as usual with a bright smile, just how bright he did not realize until later, and in the glow of a soft light she listened attentively while he told her of his splendid prospects—his railroad, and his timber land, and he emphasized the fact that nowhere in the world does the future hold so much in store for the wise investor as in Arkansas.

All this led up to the diamond ring proposition. It was to be an Arkansas diamond, fit jewel for that priceless treasure, the Arkansas Girl.

"What should be done to the man who makes the Arkansas Girl look like this in the eyes of the world?" she inquired, holding a picture of the divided skirt lady before him.

The Liar Man looked closely at the picture, virgin innocence veiling his face. Then he waxed mighty in denunciation and declared, "The hound who would thus malign Arkansas womanhood should receive the execration of every honest citizen and the severest penalty the law could inflict."

"What should be done to the man who has thus maligned the reputation of a great State?" and she held toward him the closed book.

"He should be consigned to perdition and left there without mercy or hope, for he is a liar of the deepest dye and the liar's place is already prepared."

"Suppose he were the son of an aged and infirm Christian mother and suppose he were a pious Baptist?"

The Liar Man felt an uneasy feeling creep up his spine.

"I do not understand exactly what you mean!" he said.

"Perhaps this will help. Did you ever see it before?"

The Liar Man took the drawing, looked at it carefully and declared he had never seen it before.

"How about this?" and she handed him the letter with his own signature across the bottom.

"What does all this mean?" he exclaimed wrathfully.

"It means that an Arkansas Girl has made a discovery—she has discovered Podunk."

"You don't insinuate that I am in any way connected with this damnable book, do you?" and he slammed it down on the table.

"No more than to be its author."

"Lord a'mighty!" he gasped. "What dastardly plot is this that has been hatched by some enemy?" and then the Liar Man fell on his knees and poured out what heart he had left

at the feet of the Arkansas Girl and exclaimed in heart-rending melodrama, "There can be no happiness for me without you. By your refusal you shut the door of heaven in my face! Could you be so cruel?"

Then the Girl in a coldly polite and orthodox manner advised him that she had ever been taught liars were not candidates for heaven and that she would therefore take pleasure in shutting the door of heaven in his face if it were left her—and he could call it cruelty or whatever he pleased.

After all that the Liar Man went home, and Jack dropped in, and before he left he had entered the "door of heaven" opened by the Girl.

* * * * * * * * *

The Liar Man's pride was wounded. He had lost the Girl. His identity was discovered and he feared that this would entail on him endless suffering, for certain he was his superannuated Affinity, the one he had ten years before called "the Fury," would land in his vicinity as soon as she discovered it, and thoughts of what she might do to him made him shiver.

He congratulated himself, however, that he had secured the investment of Eastern capital just in the nick of time. He would no longer be welcomed in the best circles of Arkansas society and because of this and the painful thought that the ex-Affinity might not yet have passed on to Glory, he determined to travel.

When he arrived at his hotel he found some mail.

One letter was from the timber land man. He said: "I must reconsider my acceptance of your

proposition. I believe Arkansas offers good opportunities, but my wife and daughters object to living in a community where young ladies go barefoot and chew snuff sticks."

The next letter was from the railroad promoter, who said: "We have decided not to invest in Arkansas for the present. The State presents good opportunities in more ways than one, but until you get lawmakers up to date enough to wear collars and sleep somewhere beside wagon yards, we cannot hope for legislation tending toward the development of railroads."

A third letter was from the man who was to finance the rice mill and canning factory. He wrote: "I have changed my mind about moving to Arkansas. I believe the State offers good opportunities but I have a growing family and must look out for their health and education. Stories of present-day schools in Arkansas and accounts of health conditions are not attractive."

To all of these the Liar Man wrote letters in which he told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. But it was too late. Wrong impressions had spread far and wide, and an impression though intangible is nevertheless potent.

But though the Girl was lost and he had lost on his investments, the Liar Man's cup of bitterness was not yet full. Retribution had just sighted him, and while he felt that Fate was handing him a lemon he knew he should never murmur or repine if either the good Lord or the bad Devil would keep "the Fury" from crossing his path again.

WHAT GOT HIM.

During the months that the Liar Man had been getting rich in Arkansas writing Podunk lies, his ex-Affinity had been lying at death's door away back where he had left her, her most faithful friend being a young companion who did a song and dance act in vaudeville.

For ten years with unwearying patience this ex-Affinity had been in search of the Liar Man, and when the black eyed girl became her friend, she too kept an eye on mankind, hoping to aid in the capture of the culprit.

All search had thus far proven futile, but the ex-Affinity would never listen to the possibility of his death.

"His kind do not die young," she would say.

The Soubrette Was a High Stepper.

"The scoundrel is yet living, going around hunting fresh affinities and borrowing money and telling lies. But here 's a chapter that 's not ended; He 'll make good yet!"

After the illness of the ex-Affinity she decided to go to Hot Springs, Arkansas, to recuperate. It was a long journey to an unknown land, but a number of actresses whom she had known had been there and on the strength of their recommendation and the young companion's entreaty, the two set out.

It was about this time that the Liar Man decided to drown his troubles in a few rounds of Hot Springs high life before leaving the State, and with a splendid new outfit of tailored suits and patent leather shoes he arrived in good style in the Valley of Vapors and determined to set about making some new acquaintances.

Soon after his arrival in Hot Springs he met a charming young woman with black eyes. She was a soubrette and a high-stepper and the Liar Man thought she would do very well as a substitute for the Girl who had so recently torn herself from his affections.

With this idea in mind the Liar Man sent the soubrette an American Beauty rose. She sent him back a smile and that same afternoon they took in the town and before night they were such good friends she had his picture and he had her promise to a grill room supper after her vaudeville act.

When the soubrette returned to the room of her companion in the evening she had a long stemmed rose, a copy of Podunk and a photo-

graph to display as trophies of a new acquaintance.

When the photograph fell into her hands, the ex-Affinity sprang up with a cry. "The scoundrel! Where is he?"

Then the two women had a whispered consultation and concocted some sort of a plan that filled the ex-Affinity with nervous interest and the soubrette with keen excitement.

According to those who took part, the grill room party proved a "lollie-p'loolie," whatever that is. The uninitiated might, however, have taken the entire party for "lollie-p'loolies" before their dinner was over. The Liar Man had plenty of money. The soubrette was jolly. Another lady guest was still jollier and the man she was with had n't had a chance to get so much for so little money in many a month. So they ate and drank, and drank some more. Then they sang a little, danced a little, threw a few plates and then drank a little more—especially the Liar Man, who had been on the water wagon so long he felt like sawdust and found it hard to get wet through. The soubrette did n't drink much. She said she had to work the next day, but she kept the others drinking and the Liar Man finally got so happy he emptied his pockets and threw ten-dollar bills at the girls and while all this was going on a fifth party appeared upon the scene and stood quietly just within the door—a tall angular lady, unmistakably a peroxide blonde. She viewed the landscape o'er in short order, but waited, for the Liar Man was getting sleepy. When his head

dropped on the table she spoke to the soubrette, took possession of all the Liar Man's money, called a porter, removed the sleepy man to a carriage and then accompanied by the soubrette rolled away in darkness. Fifteen minutes later a justice of the peace was awakened from his slumber to perform a marriage ceremony. The groom was somewhat the worse for champagne, but was good-natured and said just what the ex-Affinity told him to and when it was over she took him home and put him to bed.

When he awoke in the cold gray dawn of the morning after, his superannuated affinity was hovering over him like an evil bird.

"You 've been a long time keeping a promise," she said in the same old tone.

"I never made a promise," he retorted.

Then she called him a liar and when he denied the allegation she called him another liar.

He inquired feebly what she was doing there.

"I 'm staying here as long as you do," she said, "and when you move, I move. You don't get away again, young man. You 've been a long time getting around to it, but you married me last night, so you need not be scandalized because I am here."

Then he called her a liar, and as the lie passed between them at a rapid rate the ex-affinity displayed the same temperament that had caused him in bygone days to call her "the Fury," but she submitted proof that she was not a liar.

"I 've got you this time, 'till death do us part,' " she said, smiling triumphantly at him—"until death do us part, do you understand?"

With a groan the unhappy man turned to the wall and prayed for death, only to be taunted by "the Fury," who said, "Well, if that 's the way you feel about it, not even death shall separate us. So don't think you can give me the slip again, not even by dying."

Her words caused a relapse. He grew pale and called for bottled goods which he drank, and with every drink "the Fury" grew larger and fiercer and changed in aspect until she seemed to be standing over him with gaping mouth, fiery tongue, and lashing, claw-tipped arms. His brain grew dizzy; his hand grew clammy; the world grew dim; but "the Fury" was there growing in size and fierce wrath. He felt himself receding from the earth and being borne toward a dark abyss, but even here "the Fury," with fiery eye and fiendish claws followed him gaining, gaining, until he felt himself drawn into her unyielding arms and felt her hot breath on his clammy cheek and heard her hiss in his ear, "My, but what a Liar you are. I could n't trust you out of my sight even to die!" and the next think he knew he did n't know anything. In the arms of "the Fury" he had been swallowed by the black gulf.

Thus the Man Who Lied on Arkansas passed from the scene of his wrongdoing, and if he ever contributed anything more to Podunk literature it did not come to the attention of the Girl who, the Liar Man said (though he was such a liar it might not have been the Girl after all who did it) had shut the open door of heaven in his face.

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